

The Pleasant and most Delightful History of
Argalus and Parthenia
NEWLY REVISED.



LONDON: Printed by T. H. for T. A. 1688. in the Three
under the Long-Bridge. M. DC. LXXXVIII.





TO THE
READER:

Gentle Reader,

FOr your Delight and harmless Divertisement, I have employed some vacant Hours, to present You with this pleasant (though mournful) History of the Renowned *Argalus* and fair *Parthenia*; Reviving what through time was almost brought to decay. The famous *Quarles* (in a Poetick strain) has made a very passionate description of their unfortunate Loves; which (if I judge aright) is onely fit for those to read who are inspired with the same Art. This I have formed in a more plain and easie Method, that it may universally be acceptable to all Capacities. The famous *Sidney* (of never-dying Memory) first laid the Foundation, on which we both have built; the Ground-work being so firm, I question not but that the structure will for Ages stand, and never fall, till all;

To the READER.

things find a general dissolution. You that are Lovers, here may learn true Constancy, having a Noble Pattern of both Sexes. And though you find they were unfortunate unto their deaths, yet let not that affright you, for now they enjoy each other happily, where no *Demagoras* can come to trouble them. In *Argalus* you may behold true Valour, and in *Parthenia* undefiled Chastity, and in them both true Love, which was inseparable. Sum up all Vertues in one word together, 'twas *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, who both being but one, did comprehend them all. Read then this little Book at your own leisure, and if by chance you shed a tear or two, you will not be the first that have Wept at these Lovers misfortunes. The Author, as he writ it, did begin with watery Eyes to moisten what he had Planted; which being sprung up, and now at length grown to maturity, in this new dress it humbly begs your welcome; which if it finds, the Author hath his Ends, and gives you Thanks; who will ever be ready to serve you in works of this nature;

W. P.

THE

The Pleasant and most Delightful *HISTORI*
O F

Argalus & Parthenia newly reviv'd.

The First Part.

CHAP. I.

The Description of *Arcadia*; The Discovery of *Parthenia's* Parentage, her *Mothers* Qualifications, with her own unparallel'd Beauty, Chastity, and sweet Disposition of Nature.

Arcadia was a Land so pleasant and delightful, that in former time it was admired of all the World; and to add to its glory, it was called by some The Heavenly *Arcadia*: and indeed it might very properly be so termed comparatively, for it was a place so full of peace and quietness, abounding with mirth and harmless Toys. No noise nor clamors of wars did disturb the kind Shepherds, whilst they fed their numerous flocks in the warm and fruitful Valleys, chaunting forth melodious Songs; expressing the true and innocent love they did bear to the pretty Shepherdesses, that did keep their flock just by them, under the shadow of the well spread Trees, where the chirping Birds did assist them in their harmony: Sometimes these Shepherds on an Oaten Pipe would shew their untaught skill: Thus did they live like earthly Saints. But now to come to speak of the greatest excellency that the whole World did ever afford, *Arcadia* may boast her self above her Neighbouring Countries, having the preeminence before all other lands, to nourish and protect that only Phoenix which ever was created; Heavens Divinity, Natures excellency, Beauties prodigality; the end of her Sex, but the universal admiration of Mankind; the fair *Parthenia* here did draw her breath, in this *Arcadia* she kept her abode, blessed with her presence, whilst she there did live.

like. Parthenia ! that name alone would cause an almost reverence upon each Tongue that durst but utter forth the very sound thereof, least they should prophane it. From Noble Parentage she did descend, which here to name, would be a needless Task ; meeting in her such rare perfections, I shall omit to name her Pedigree, only thus much in brief discover.

Her Mother was a Lady in Arcadia, Wise and good, Honourable in her time amongst the great, and from her Age, a Woman in her Conversation very strict both to herself, but quick to hear, and too severe in giving Sentence, of a hasty nature, and fierce to punish those that did at any time offend her : neither would she admit of contradiction in any of her designs which she had purposed to bring to effect. She was always charitable to the poor ; she was also very pious and zealous in her Religion ; but the greatest of all her glories was this, she was Mother to that incomparable fair Parthenia, whose powerful eyes had such a charming influence over the rest of her fellow-creatures, that with a frowning look she could strike dead the proudest Monarch that ever walkt on earth, and with a smile as soon she could revive. These Virgin blushes on her Cheeks, like Roses intermixt with Lillies, made her face lovely to each admiring gazer : not too much red nor too much white appeared, but of a rare composure sweetly mixt, her curious Flaxen Hair more fine than Silk unspun, or smaller than those Threads in Cobwebs spun, when at its full length it hung, it would reach down to her knees, so great an Ornament nature ne'r fram'd before. Her Coral Lips, neither too thick nor thin, would tempt a Saint to taste of so much Sweetness. Her Pearl like Teeth in equal order set, did grace her smiling Smiles. Her Neck more white than is the driven Snow, her Breasts were small and round, her Waite roundness might you, her Hands were white and small, her Fingers long and straight. Her other parts, which modesty forbids to name, without all doubt were equally amiable with those which I already have described ; and since then ought to be concealed, I will leave you to guess the rest.

Now I shall endeavour to give you a description of her Noble Vertues both Divine and Moral. Her Chastity does first conjure my Pen to give a large Character thereof: Diana and those Virgin Nymphs that did attend her, could not be more cautious of that rare Jewel their Virginity, than was the chaste Parthenia: no Vanton looks from any Man, as yet could cause a smile, to give encouragement to think that she would yield to any fond embraces: at such a distance did she keep her self from those that were lasciviously inclined, they ne'r durst offer to attempt her Honour.

As for Divinity she was nothing else, though young in years, yet old in Vertues race: her Study was of Pietie, her graver wit surpassed her tender age: Nor in all this did she at any time appear drowsie or melancholly, but on the contrary a brisk and lively spirit did possess her: Her Passion, when moved to the very height (which in others would turn to railing) could not properly in her be called Anger; but a moderate reproof she always gave the offender, mildly and gently shewing them their faults, her words flowing from her as though they were weighed in the Ballance of Discretion, though not premeditated: Her Voice so sweet, that had she doom'd to dye some unbloody Criminal, he gladly would have undergone the Sentence.

To sum up all perfections in one line,
She was on Earth a Heavenly Cherubine.

CHAP. II.

The subtle and lascivious Courtship which *Demagoras* used to the fair *Parthenia*, with her modest denials to his lustful suit: *Demagoras* receiving a gentle reproof from *Parthenia*, makes his speedy application to her Mother, to assist him in his love.

THIS rare Parthenia in her Blooming Age indued with all those Excellent Perfections both Natural and Divine, could not be clouded from the prying Eyes of all adjacent and admiring Mortals.
fame

Came with swift Wing and Trumpet loud, proclaims her worth and beauty to all degrees of Men: She is now become the Table-talk at Feasts, each Artist strives to write or paint her glory; Healths round to sweet Parthenia are at every Banquet drunk by those that never saw her; the Poet in a Rapture, being high-flown, styles her to be a Demi-Goddess or some Saint, and so proceeds to immortalize her Name, yet never able to proclaim one part of those Endowments which really she inherits.

The Chief of Painters must be doing too, he strives to set forth Beauty to the life, and looking on fair Venus Image, he with tremulous eyes disguises it, and draws Parthenia's features far more rare; and when he has done, falls down on his knees, and reverently worships what he made.

Amongst the rest of these admirers, There was a great Ionian Lord, who dwelt upon the Coasts of Arcadia, Demagora by name, a Son of great command, but of an ill shape, being very tall and lean, bald on cheek, and of a swarthy Countenance, goggle-eyed, his long Chin turning up to his Nose, on which there grew two harsh and long tussocks of unseemly Hair, his body all over hairy, insomuch that he appeared monstrous to any curious creature: He was of a cross nature, his inward disposition being agreeable to his outward form, in all Vice he was expert, but hated the least show of Virtue, or any that pretended to it.

This Monster of a man did chance to view the lovely Parthenia's face, which having seen, her amorous Beauty struck him in amazement, and lustful love overtook his rugged spirit; but bold to quench those raging flames he knew not; in the heat of burning love he thus breaths forth in secret his own sorrow, and thus complains:

Oh foolish fond Demagora, what ails thy breast to burn with an unquench'd heat! Can one poor look on Beauty thus disturb my Soul? must I endure the rage and find no ease nor cure? No, no, I find the scorching flames encrease: Cannot the Gods find out an easier way to torment lovers? Alas some help, or else I dye? what shall I do? the wound grows worse and worse: Give ease, ye Powers above, or else I will swear you are unjust: why did you send your

your beauteous Angel down thus to torment me. except you do intend this self same hour to wound her heart with equal pain as mine is? But why should I implore your helping hand, when 'tis not in your power to ease me? It must be she that gave the wound can cure it, the fair *Parthenia*; none but she alone can quit *Demagoras* from his cruel pain. In vain I utter words unto the Air, she hears me not, nor did she hear, I doubt she would not pity me. But, why do I thus long unman my self? I'll cheer up all my Spirits, and begin to think upon some new device to gain some favour from this Cruel Fair: But why do I call her cruel, that never tryed whether she were inclin'd to love or not? She is a Woman, and a fair one too, and with fair Speeches Women must be won. I'll mollifie the fierceness of my nature, and learn for once to flatter for my own ends.

Thus did the raging Lover strive to help his troubled mind by talking to himself, sometimes imagining that he should gain a Conquest over this Fair Virgin Lady: then by and by his Spirits would sink down, and fear would quite deprive him of his hopes. But now at length he can brook no delay, but resolves to let *Parthenia* know he loves and honours her, and not onely so, but languishes all day and night in flames of Love for her fair Beauty, which unless he does enjoy, his life will soon expire: and thus he first bespeaks her:

Madam, To call you Fair, were too low a Title for so much Divinity; besides, it would be no Lustre to your Merits: yet 'tis true, and the whole world, that ever saw your face, knows you are fair: but I know more than that, I find you are amiable, and so beautiful, that one sweet glance from those all-piercing Eyes, would even strike dead the cruellest of all Tyrants, and make him bow his head, and prostrate lye flat on the Earth, just at *Parthenia's* feet; not able any more to rise, until she with a smile breaths life into his Breast. This, dear *Parthenia*, is my own condition; Look down upon *Demagoras* with pity, let sighs and tears speak for a dying Lover: Nature that curiously hath plaid her part in framing such a Rarity as you, did never intend that your Virginity should dye with you, and never be enjoy'd. Remember, Madam, who it is that asks this favour of

4 The Pleasant and most Delightful History,

you for to kiss your hand; I am no common Begger, 'tis well known, nor am I basely born, though at your feet I throw my self, and humbly do submit before your presence. To me this Trade is new, for never before this time I either begg'd of either man or woman; yet Queens to me have sought to enjoy my love, but have been slighted by *Demagoras*, that now makes his humble Supplication to you my dear *Parthenia*. Speak comfort, speak my Love, and ease my poor heart;

*That bleeds incessantly without redress,
Your Love will make me great, you ne'r the less.*

The blushing Virgin hearing what was said, amazed at his hot Love, could scarcely tell how on a sudden to make a Reply; the Rosie Colour from her sweet Cheeks did flye, and paleness did overspread her Countenance, then by and by her Colour would come again: at length her passion did her silence break, and with an angry Countenance and stedfast look, she modestly reproved his Suit and Love, admitting him no favour in her presence: thus she began to make her short Reply.

My Lord, Were I guilty of that Crime which most of my Sex are possessed with (which is self-conceit, especially when they are flattered) you now would make me so proud, that I should neither know you, nor my self: but I have not so good a conceit of my own perfections (as you call them) if I have any, as to think my self a fit person to enjoy that man, to whom Queens have made their Application and have been deny'd; But this I must think, you spoke only to please me, and to tempt me, as men do Children, and I should be of all most unworthy, if I should not thank you for't. Alas! my Lord, you ask my heart, which yet I cannot spare to you, nor any other man; besides, if I were minded to bestow it, 'twould be too mean a present for your Honour to accept of. I rather do believe what you have told me, that it must be some Queen, or something above that Title, that can be a fit Comfort for so Honourable a Person as your Lordship: Some honest Rustick Swain perhaps may serve *Parthenia's* turn. Therefore my Lord, 'tis better to desist, and let not such low thoughts

thoughts breed your disquiet, as you pretend they do. Go home and take your rest, consider well what folly you commit in this attempt, and when you are well advis'd, you'll find that I am not cut out for to enjoy that Noble Heart that *Queens* can't gain with begging. I hope you soon will see your own mistake, 'twas only some sad melancholly fit that brought you hither to help to divert that tedious time, and cause some pastime to arise from my simplicity; but let it be how 'twill, I please my self with true simplicity, and count my Maidenhead a greater Honour than to be the greatest Countess in the whole World.

Demogoras hearing this sudden and subtile Reply, was much disquieted in his mind; neither could he take occasion to be enraged at any of her words: for she answered him in such a smiling posture, that her very denial seemed to be but a wanton Dalliance: yet in every word she utter'd, there was such force and power, that his Spirits were damp'd, and he plainly perceived that she slighted his Love, and that there was no likelihood for him to speed: he fell into a deep despair, and drew his Sword, intending to offer violence upon his own Body, but a second thought arising, did presently prevent his committing an outrage. His present resolution was, to make his speedy Application to *Parthenia's* Mother, and to tell her that he chanc'd to see her Daughter, and was so much in love with her, that unless she prov'd kind, he should never enjoy himself so long as he liv'd. Thus having well prepared himself, he makes haste and goes to the Castle where she dwelt, and with abundance of Dissembling, and good store of Complements, he thus Addresses himself to her.

Madam, As an humble Supplicant, who stands condemn'd for his life, begs hard and eagerly for the Judges mercy, so I am now become your sad Petitioner, and unless you will grant my request, and give ease to my disquieted mind, I am certainly ruined, and shall surely sink under the burden of my affliction. Oh *Parthenia*, *Parthenia*, 'tis thou alone must ease me, or I dye! Oh Madam, your fair Daughter with her piercing Eyes, hath wounded *Demogoras* to the very heart, and now so great her cruelty is towards me, that seemingly flights my profered Love and Service,

but in you dear Madam, I have yet some hope of comfort left.

And my humble request is, That you would be pleased to speak kindly to the fair *Parthenia* concerning me, and try if you can move her heart to love, if not, to pity me. I would not Madam, give you this great trouble, but that I know there's none that she will harken to but you; perhaps your words may work upon her Spirits, and cause her to prove kind to me her poor distressed Lover.

CHAP. III.

Parthenia's Mothers fair Promises to *Demagoras*, to assist him in perswading her Daughter to accept his Love; with the several Discourses between *Parthenia* and her Mother, about her marrying with *Demagoras*.

Demagoras having thus finished his Discourse, *Parthenia's* Mother makes him this Reply.

My Honourable Lord, If this your Love which you have discovered unto me concerning my Daughter, be Real and Cordial, without dissembling, I give your Lordship thanks, and must commend your Honours Wisdom in applying your self to me, for she, alas, is Young and Childish, and knows not how to make her Choice as yet; but I my Lord, have seen more of the World, and better know how to dispose of her, than she of her self; and I question not, but she will in all things obey my Commands, and I my Lord will surely be your Friend in this matter: refer the whole business to me, and I will act in your behalf; but be you of good Cheer my Lord; and be not at all discomfited, but within a short time boldly make Love to her again, and I'll prepare the way before you.

Demagoras hearing this, just like a Man who from a Dungeon deep wherein he had long been confin'd, was now set at liberty: even so was he rejoiced when he heard the words of comfort which proceeded from *Parthenia's* Mother: and giving her a thousand thanks for her great favour'd kindness, he took his leave of her for that

time : blessing his Stars that did conduce him to her in
so happen an hour, for now he had received some comfort
to his Love sick mind.

Demagoras now being gone full of joy and gladness for
the good success he had received that day, the Ancient
Lady, Parthenia's Mother (the Sun being almost set) was
willing to recreate her self in her own flowry Walks,
which led into a curious shady Grove adjoining to her
Castle : and as she walk'd, she mus'd of what she had
heard from Demagoras, and with her self, concludes that his
Suit must not be deny'd, for he was a great Man, and of
a Noble Family, whose Fortune none could equal in the
whole Land that were of his quality, for he abounded in
Wealth and Riches, insomuch that he knew no end of his
Estate. The consideration of this was enough to tempt
any Woman that was past the pleasures of Youth, and had
now betaken her self to the World ; but lest her Daughter
should dislike his face, and the shape of his Body, she
was resolv'd to flatter her at first with fair Speeches, sup-
posing that she would at all times hearken unto her
Mother.

As the Old Lady was thus walking, and thinking of
this great Concern, it happened so, that the Path wherein
she was going, brought her within the sound of fair Parthe-
nia's Voice, and looking round about, at length she did
espie her pretty Daughter in a pleasant Bower all alone,
with a Book before her, and being not far from her, she
was resolv'd to see how she behaved her self: the sweet
Parthenia (not thinking any one so near her) was reading
the sad Story of Chariclea's Love, which often made her
Blush, and sometimes Weep ; then shutting up her Book,
thus to her self she speaks :

How Cruel is the Fate of poor distressed Lovers, who never
are at rest, but always tossed to and fro with one vexation or
other ? in the midst of all their Joys some Troubles will still in-
terceed, which disturbs them, and causes discontent.

After she had repeated this Words with a sorrowful
Note, she fetches several deep Sighs, proceeding from the
bottom

bottom of her Heart, seeming to pittie poor Lovers miserable condition.

Her Mother hearing those Words the fair Parthenia uttered in the Bower, and well observing her Sighs and Tears, steps forth and hastens to the Bower, discovering her self to her Pensive Daughter. Parthenia seeing her Mother, was amazed and ashamed, fearing she had overheard and seen her passionate Words and Affections, which indeed she had, but it was unknown to Parthenia; At length her Mother seeing of her blush, and that she was ashamed of what she had said and done, gently and mildly she speak to her after this manner.

Blush not my dear *Parthenia*, why, what's the matter? art thou ashamed, or dost thou fear to see thy loving Mother? Come come, let Blushes cease; what though thou art in Love and willing to conceal it, was not I thy Mother so before thee? I know that stolen pleasures are the sweetest, I am sure I found them so in my Youthful days? and art not thou my own Daughter? Yes, sure thou art, and it is reason good that thou should'st follow thy Mothers Example, and hearken to her good admonition, by being secure by her directions in all things; you know I love you well, my dear *Parthenia*, and like a loving Mother will always advise you for the best. Come my Child, be not so melancholly, what? I perceive the young *Laconian* Lord *Demagras*, has been with you to day, and I supposed hath talked of Love to you, which you perhaps, as yet don't understand; But 'tis no matter, prithee Child don't fear, in those Concerns thy Mother is well skill'd, and I will help thee out in every thing that he shall ask or say to thee, therefore *Parthenia*, blush not to let me know the secrets of thy heart: what if thou lov'st him well, that shall not anger me, for I would have thee love him, and become his Wife; for he is Rich, and sprung from Noble Blood, his Pedigree is derived from a Kingly Race; Honour and Wealth dwells with him, and nothing to him is wanting, that heart can wish or desire. Your Fortune is mean compar'd to his, then let not his fierce Suit receive denial, but bid him Welcome; for if you should miss of him, I fear you will never have the like proffer. What though you are fair and beautiful, that will not last, but fade like to the
Flowers

Flowers of the Field, and so decays ; and when a Maid is once accounted old and stale, she never must expect preferment all her Life time. Consider of what I have said to you, my dear *Parthenia*, and be not over coy, nor too much proud of any of your Vertues. but take the present opportunity, whilst it is to be had, for time once past can never be recalled.

The Sweet Parthenia hearing her Mother subtilly plead for Demagoras his Love, like a dutiful Daughter return'd her this Answer.

Madam, as I am your only Daughter, I know I am bound in Duty to obey your Commands in all things that are lawfull ; and upon my knees, I give you humble thanks for your care of me, and your kind wishes towards me. 'Tis true, the young *Laconian* Lord *Demagoras*, has tendred his Love and Service to me in a high manner, but I never gave him the least encouragement to make a farther Progress in his Love. He without doubt may have Fortunes far above my Merits, as he himself hath confess'd to me already, that Queens have made Suit to him for Marriage, and they have gone away discontented, he not accepting the proffers of their Loves : Then why should I aspire to that degree of Highness, who am inferiour to those he has denyed ? No, I am not yet resolved to marry with any, therefore his Suit to me will be in vain ; and when you see him Madam, pray tell him so.

C H A P. IV.

The Marriage of *Basilus*, King of *Arcadia*, with *Gynecia*, the King of *Cypres* Daughter, with the Ceremonies of the Wedding. The manner of the Tilts and Turnaments, as they were Performed at the Solemnization of King *Basilus* his Marriage, together with the Valorous Acts of Manhood that were perform'd by *Argalus* at that time, a *Cyprian* Prince.

BUt before we proceed any farther with the Story of *Parthenia's* Love, I must let you know of the happy Marriage of *Basilus* King of *Arcadia*, who Married the famous and exceeding beautiful Princess *Gynecia*, the
king

King of Cyprus his Daughter, a Woman of an excellent Temperament, endow'd with Nature's chiefest Ornaments, both outwardly and inwardly; for as she was incomparably fair, so in like manner was her mind adorn'd with Wisdom and Discretion.

When the good King Basilus, brought home to the Arcadian Court his new Spoused Queen Gynecia, there came a long with her a great Train of Princes, Lords, and famous Knights, with abundance of Gentry, which were of her own Country, all being attired with Habilliments of War, each of their Armour's of a different Hue, some gilt with Gold, some shined with Silver bright, and others Enamell'd with divers Colours, that they were most glorious to behold. These valiant Cyprian Nobles willing to shew the Arcadian Court some pastime, desired the King that he would set apart Three days for their Recreation, which Basilus easily granted.

The Sport was this, They met upon a Plain, near to the Court, the Cyprian Knights and Nobles plac'd themselves on one side of the Plain, and the Arcadian Knights and Nobles opposite against them at a good distance, all of them well mounted upon good Steeds, and with their Armour fix'd upon their Bodies, and Helmets upon their Heads, with Spears in their Hands, and Swords on their Sides; Seats were built up for the King and Queen, & therest of the Nobility, that they might with ease behold the Actions of those famous Champions. They being thus plac'd, the Arcadian Trumpets sound, & forth comes a valiant Warriour, mounted on his prancing Steed, & singly shews himself upon the Plain; but long he had not paraded his Horse about the List, but the shrill note of the Cyprian Trumpets gave notice that there was a noble Combatant coming forth, that willingly with him would try his Skill and Courage: the Trumpets sound again, then both advance their Spears, and with a full Career rid one against another; the Arcadian Knight rid with such speed and force against the other Knight, that with his Spear the very first time he met, he thrust him from his Saddle,

and

and down he fell upon the Ground breathless, being deprived of Life or Sense at present, but was immediately taken up and carryed out of the List, where using a means for his recovery, they soon brought him to himself again; but after him, another of his Country-men came forth, who riding fiercely at the Arcadian Knight, and striking at him with great force, mist his blow, and flung himself from off his Horse, and puts his Shoulder out, so that he was disabled for riding any more. But after him came forth a Man indeed, Prince Argalus, who was in Cyprus born, his Armour was emboss'd and gilt with Gold, his Milk-white Steed was of a curious shape, and in his Helmet he had a Plume of White feathers fastned on his forehead in a cluster of Diamonds; the Trumpets sound again, and the Valiant Prince sets Spurs unto his Horse; who ran with such a violent force against the Arcadian Knight, that with his Spear, and strength of his stout Horse, he flung both Horse and Man several pards from him; at which brave Manlike Act, the King with the rest of his Nobles, did shout again, the noise whereof did make the ground to tremble. Then several others of the Arcadian Land, did one after another endeavour to regain that days lost Honour; but all in vain they strove, for Argalus did still Victorious Ride, and in Triumphant manner shewed himself before the King and Queen, and the Ladies of Honour, who were there present to behold the Sport.

C H A P. V.

How *Parthenia* fell in Love with *Argalus*, as she beheld him at the Turnaments, as also how at the self same time *Argalus* was enamour'd with her Beauty. *Parthenia's* Mothers Dream, making her own Interpretation of it, how that *Parthenia* should Marry with *Demagoras*; but *Parthenia* Interprets it to be *Argalus*, with whom she was to Wed.

Amongst the rest, the fair *Parthenia* was there, to behold the Pastimes, who cast an Amorous eye upon Prince *Argalus* all the while he was in the List. She look'd so long upon him, that her looks became to liking, and her liking to real Love. So craftily the God of Love had play'd his part that day, that at one instant he had wounded both *Argalus* and *Parthenia* with equal flames; for she could not more admire his Valour and Behaviour, then he admired her Excellent Beauty. But now the day being spent, the King Commands the Ceremony for that time to cease, so home they went unto the Kings best Palace, where after Supper, they spent most part of the Night in Feasting and Dancing; each took the Lady that did like him best. But Noble *Argalus* did privately secure the sweet *Parthenia*, who gladly did severate her self from the rest of the Company to be alone with him: he then discovered the Love he bore unto her, in the greatest passion that Lover e're express'd, she was no less willing to accept it, then he was to proffer it, insomuch that at that time, they to each other Swore a faithful Constancy to their Lives end, and Seal'd their Promises with Sugred Kisses.

They had not long been there together, but in comes *Parthenia's* Mother, missing her Daughter amongst the rest of the young Ladies, being jealous of what indeed she found was true; but her presence made *Argalus* withdraw, being satisfied in himself, that he had made sure of *Parthenia's*

Parthenia's Move and best Affection. *Doct* *Argalus* being gone, *Parthenia's* Sister began to select her Daughter for leading the Ladies, and keep my Company with any Span. Without her knowledge; but much she did not say concerning that, having a Story to tell her, which was a Dream she had Dreamt the night before: and thus she did begin.

Last night (my dearest Child, quoth she) no rest could close my eyes, nor could I for to sleep, my mind was much disturb'd, I toss'd and tumbled, but could no quiet find; my Roving Fancy would not let me sleep, till that the shrill note of the watchful Cock proclaimed the dawning of the day was nigh; I then did fall into a silent slumber, and as I lay, I Dreamt this Dream; sit down, and I will tell it you.

Methoughts I saw thee, my dear Child, sitting like a Princely Bride, dress'd with Robes befitting Stately Majesty, a *Cypres* wreath did adorn thy Temples, and at the nine months end thou wast delivered of a curious Boy. Methoughts that *Juno* did descend from Heaven and came into thy Chamber, and taking the pretty Babe in her Arms, she kissing it, did Bless the smiling Boy, and set a Glorious Crown of pure Gold upon his pretty Head, of which the struggling Infant seem'd proud. Methoughts great *Jove* did thunder from above, and after that like to a Storm of Hail, he showr'd down great store of Pearl and Gold. See here (says *Juno*) to you, great *Jove* has sent these as a present, rise up and fetch them in. Then after this she vanish out of sight, and I awaked from this Golden Dream; and now my Fancy tells me this Dream must needs prove true, and I liked it very well, because it has foretold thy Marriage: and the shower of Gold betokens Wealth; but what the *Cypres* Wreath should mean, I cannot tell. Submit thy will, my dear *Parthenia*, to what the Gods have allotted for thee, and by the Duty of a Daughter, I now Conjure thee to set thy Love on Noble *Demagoras*, the Gods have said it, and it must be so, 'tis he I am sure must be the Man I Dreamt on: therefore accept his kind proffers, and be no longer nice, for 'tis my mind, and you must not withstand it.

She having made an end of her Dream, you may guess *Parthenia* was in no small trouble how to answer her Mo-

ther in this case, and not displease her; for she must either prove undutiful to her Mother, in saying she would not have *Demagoras*, or else she must prove disloyal to her dear In Beloved *Argalus*, whom she priz'd above all the World. At length she thus resolv'd to displease her cruel Mother, in denying her Choice, and thought it a less Sin to be counted undutiful to her, than to break her Vow with him, who had the possession both of Heart and Soul. And thus she answered her :

Madam, your Care and double Diligence, I must confess, has been towards me, as hath become a most Indulgent Mother : yet, in these your last Commands, you seem to be more cruel then ever you have been kind ; desiring, or rather forcing me to love the Man whom above all other I utterly abhor, though as to hatred my passion never hitherto has moved me. *Demagoras* can in my Breast have no share of love, my affections are already pitch'd upon the Man I am resolv'd to make my Husband, if I may have your good will, and good liking in this my choice; if not, I willingly will submit to what your pleasure shall require ; but not to match myself with the *Laconian* Lord, but by Death I'll gladly satisfy your utmost Rage. Speak Mother, what you now will have me do, *Parthenia* willingly does here resign her Body as a Pledge of her Obedience, either to dye, or for ever to enjoy my *Argalus*, the betrothed Husband of your afflicted Daughter. I am his Wife, and never will forsake him while Life remains, or I can name that name of *Argalus* : therefore pray urge no more concerning *Demagoras*, for now you know the meaning of your Dream. *Argalus* is that *Cypress* Wreath which you Dreamt should encompass round your poor *Parthenia*, this on my knees I beg that you will grant, or quickly ease me of my misery

CHAP. VI.

How *Parthenia's* Mother was angry with her for not agreeing to Marry *Demagoras*, and how she designs to poyson *Argalus*.
How *Parthenia's* Mother writ a Letter in *Parthenia's* Name, and sent *Parthenia's* Maid *Athleia* with a Bottle of rank Poyson to *Argalus*.

HER Mother hearing this, insurious rage went out of pitty, & giving any comfort to the distressed Virgin; and speedily sent for *Demagoras* to come to her, who quickly came, and to him she related her Daughters Resolution; and withal assured him, that there could be expected no kindness from her Daughter so long as *Argalus* did live, but if he were dispatch'd, she thought that then she might be wrought upon. This base *Demagoras* did straightway swear that he would soon remove that Rival out of the way, and vow'd his Sword should shorten his days, and quickly spoil his Amorous Love. But the Old Lady told him, 'twas not safe for to Encounter with so bold an Enemy, for he perhaps might miss his intended blow, and then the Plot would quite be spoil'd and ruined, and withal told him that she knew a far safer way to destroy him, by giving him some Poisonous Drugs to Drink, and they would surely send him to the Grave. So she desired that the Design might be wholly left to her self, for she alone would be his Executioner. *Demagoras* hearing this, consented to her will, and for that time departed.

Now the Old Ladies Brains did cast which way to bring this mischief privately about, at last she thus concludes, That *Athleia*, *Parthenia's* Maid, would be a fit Messenger to convey the Poison to *Argalus*; she thereupon calls *Athleia* into her Closet, and asks her flatteringly, if that she could keep a Secret if it was committed to her charge: the Maid answered, Yes Madam, any thing that you

you desire me, shall safely lodge within my Breast, and never be revealed in all my Life time. The Old Lady then takes Pen, Ink, and Paper, and writes after this manner to Argalus, in Parthenia's Name.

Parthenia to Argalus.

MY dear *Argalus*, though we cannot meet together and see one another so often as I would, yet assure your self, that I am still constant to you, and ever will be, to my Dear. I have here sent you a little Glass of Cordial Spirits, which will keep you from the infection of any Distemper, therefore pray accept of it, and drink it all off at one draught for her sake, who is, and ever will be yours till Death,

Parthenia.

C H A P. VII.

How *Parthenia's* Maid *Athleia* tasted of the Poyson by the way she went, and fell down Dead immeniately; which when *Parthenia's* Mother understood, she quickly after Dyed with raging Madnes.

She having ended this her counterfeit Letter, she Seals it up, and gives it to the Maid *Athleia*, with the little Viol of Poyson, and charg'd her the next Evening early to rise and carry it to *Argalus*, and say that *Parthenia* sent it him; the Maid promised that her desire should be performed, and so departed from her, and went to Bed: but all that night she could not sleep a wink, but as she slumbered, strange Dreams did fright her of Dead Men and Burials, she not thinking what should be the cause. Yet when the Morning coming, she arose, and was resolved to carry the Glass and Letter to *Argalus*; But being gone a little way from home, she, like the rest of Women kind, desirous to taste of the forbidden fruit, uncorks the Glass, and takes what was within it. But she had not gone far afterwards, before she found by welsh experience, she was Poysoned; for so violent was the Doze which *Argalus* was

to Drink, that two or three drops kill'd Athalia, in half an hours time, so that she fell down dead upon the bier, and soon afterwards was found by some that knew her, with the Letter in her bosome, and the Glass in her hand: which Letter being broke open, the hand was known, and the Treachery which was designed upon Argalus was discovered, and soz that time happily prevented.

Parthenia's Mother hearing how her Mother was put by, and knowing that all the World would cry out shame of those her horrid Intentions, betakes her self into a private Room, and cursing her ill success in not killing Argalus, she grew Distracted, and with raging Madnes, without remorse of her past Actions dyed, and decently was Buried by her sorrowful Daughter Parthenia; whose tender heart did much lament her loss, though had she lived, she would have ruined her, by causing her to have Married with Demagoras, though she had often told her that she could not love him, but now that trouble is past and at an end.

Now loud mouth'd Fame does clap her nimble Wings, then stretching of them forth, away she flies, to tell the neighbouring Countries round about of Envy's sudden fall, and Vertues preservation, the Death of Parthenia's Mother, and Athalia, Parthenia's Maid, as they were prosecuting the overthrow of the Innocent, Vertuous, Noble, and most Renowned Prince Argalus. Some griev'd to hear the news, but others had cause sufficiently to rejoyce: you well may guess that Argalus did not mourn, for why, indeed he had no cause, but rather to rejoyce; for Heaven that's always just, had now removed the only Enemy he had in the World, the meek Parthenia's cruel Mother.

Now might the Worthy Prince have free liberty to visit his Parthenia when he pleases: They soon together meet, where joys abound, all sorrows now do cease, and kisses sweet supply the place of tears.

In harmles mirth they spend sweet time away,
And now begin to talk of the Wedding-day.

The Pleasant and most Delightful History, of *ARGALUS* and *PARTHENIA*, &c.

The Second P A R T.

C H A P. I.

How *Argalus* appoints the Wedding-day, and how he was disappointed by *Demagoras* his Cruelties, which he shew'd to the fair *Parthenia*.

NOW both the Vertuous Lovers do agree to appoint a certain day to consummate their joys, that as their hearts already are together firmly joyned, so their hands might also be united by Marriage. The time and very day is now pitch'd upon, and *Argalus* with a Thousand Sug'red Kisses takes leave at present of his dearest *Parthenia*, that so he might make preparation against that time, which he hop'd would prove a blessed and happy hour. He invites the Neighbouring Princes to his Wedding, whilst Sweet *Parthenia* is not less busie than himself, in getting all things in a readines against her famous Bridegroom's coming; she gallantly be-decks her Bride Chamber, expecting there the next night after, to bestow her Maidenhead upon her dearest and best beloved *Argalus*.

But gentle Reader, if ever thou didst shed a tear, weep now at this most cruel change of Fortune, their repin'd joys are blasted in a moments time: Alas poore Lovers, they for a fortnights Joy, are like to undergo a whole Years Torment, nay, 'tis a doubt whether they may ever meet again. The grievous and most lamentable accident of their misfortunes, if sorrow will give me leave, I'll now unfold unto you: let you: relenting hearts with mine
bear

their part in this sad Relation of these two Lovers' misery.

The very day that was appointed for their Marriage being now at hand, and the Evening was far spent, and no *Argalus* as yet was come: his dear Mother, standing at his side, sometimes complain'd of his forgetfulness; and walking forth into a lone some Walk, where she might see her dearest when he came, there all alone she sat solitary far below, but no sweet Bridegroom could she perceive. Grief now began to over-take her Spirits, and often did she call upon her Love, crying out aloud, *Argalus!* Oh *Argalus!* my Dear, come away, thy dear *Parthenia* wants thee, sure thou canst not forget this is the day appointed: thou art not unmindful of thy longing Bride. No, no, it cannot be, I rather fear some great and sudden misfortune has befallen thee, that has thus long prevented thy coming to me. I know thou lovest me, and will not neglect me: if Life and Health will suffer thee to rise out of thy Bed, I am sure I shall not be long without thy company. Thy constancy I must not, neither can I doubt, because I know my *Argalus* is faithful to his own *Parthenia*. Thus to her self sometimes she did complain, then by and by she seem'd for to be comforted, rehearing and pleasing her self to think that he was loyal, and that he loved her, and none but her alone. Many a long and sorrowful look she cast upon the Road which way he was to come, and every little Bird that flutter'd by her, and made but the least noise amongst the Boughs, she started up, thinking her *Argalus* had unawares surpris'd her as she watch'd him; but now behold, instead of *Argalus*, there came the furious and revengeful *Demagoras*, and violently he lays his hands upon her tender body, then taking her fast by the curious hair, which grew most decently upon her head, drags her on the ground, then stops her mouth, lest that her shrieks should cause some sudden help to her assistance, and he thereby should miss of his most damn'd and barbarous mischievous Design. Her Handkerchief he rent from off her Neck, and with his cruel hand he thrust it into her Mouth, so far, that she could scarcely fetch

D

her

her breath: the inhumane Wretch did thus bespeak the poor distressed miserable Virgin. Now, base unworthy Strumpet (quoth he) for all thy slighting Language, I will take a full revenge on thy bewitching Beauty, it never more shall tempt another Man. How durst you be so vile to think of Marriage joys so quickly after the Death of thy dear Mother, which was occasioned by thy Disobedience? thy high-flown pride could not admit of my loving embraces, the Wealth and Honour which I do enjoy, with all the flatteries I could invent; nor yet your too indulgent Mothers intreaties, nor her forc'd frowns, could bend your stubborn and perverse inclinations. You in all haste, forsooth, must Marry with the *Cyprian* Prince, and none but he shall share in your affections; yes, he shall have you, if he please, but I'll endeavour to blunt the sharp edge of his hot-burning Love.

These, with the like false and blasphemous words, he utter'd forth from his most filthy mouth: the poor Parthenia, with her mouth close stopt, lay almost Dead with his most cruel usage; and for to finish his last intended mischief, he had a Glass of black and deadly Poyson, which he did pour upon her pretty face, her face, that all which ever saw it, did cause to bless themselves with admiration. This sweet and more than Beautiful face, those lovely features which did once appear so amorous and so glorious, that the God of Love would oft take Wing, and from his Throne descend, to sport and play with fair Parthenia's Cheeks: those Cheeks I say are now become most loathsome, the strong and venomous Poyson seames and works upon her tender face, and caus'd great Swellers for to rise, and swell to such a bignesse, that her pure skin did crack and burst in sunder.

This being done, Demagoras makes haste, and home run to his Castle he goes with all the speed imaginable, fearing least some of her Attendants missing her, should make a diligent search and found her out.

Thus did he leave the poor Parthenia upon the ground quite desperate of Life, not thinking, nor desiring ever to recover: but when this monstrous cruel Devil had left her

her, she summon'd all the fire, and set it together, and flood upon her Feet, and pulling down her Head to hide her sore defom'd face, privately run out, and set self into an outward Chamber where there was a Bed. This Room was never light at Noon day, but always dark, 't is the darkest night, when neither Moon nor Stars be seen or appear.

Upon this Bed she throws her self, desiring now to Die; but with a sigh these words she did repeat: Oh *Argalus*, my dearest *Argalus*, had'st thou been here, this mischief had not been now, I would rather thou should'st not come, since that thou can'st not give me ease, nor help my cruel fate which now is pall. Ah woful Wedding-day! my joys are turn'd to sorrow, and here is none to pity me. But why should I desire to see my Loves Eyes, since mine are not fit to look upon him? how uncertain are these Worldly pleasures? one moment brings a sudden alteration, and turns oft times chiefest delights into the greatest hatred, our mirth into sorrow, and joys into bitter mourning. She having thus complain'd to her self a while, and with a multitude of sighs, and floods of tears, bewail'd her woful fortune, *Argalus* came.

CHAP. II.

Now *Argalus* coming, and expecting to Marry with his *Parthenia*, found her upon a Bed in a dark Room, with her Face all besmeared over with Poyson; together with their Lamentations.

BY this time *Argalus* was come into the Castle, and made a strict enquiry after her, but none could tell him whether she was gone; he then enraged, searches up and down, but could not find her: at length being come into the next Room, he heard a bitter and most lamentable groaning, with sighs enough to pierce a heart that's made of Stone, the sound whereof did bring him to this Chamber, where nothing but thick darkness did appear; and by her sighs

at last he felt the Bed, and sigh'd aloud. Who I? says he, that here doth lye, and thus bemoans themselves? With that she sighing says, Oh trouble not thy self to know further, it is not thy *Parthenia*; enquire no more. He then replies, Who is that which tells me so? Although I cannot see thy Face, yet sure I am that is *Parthenia's* Voice; O why should my dearest, sweet *Parthenia*, deny her self to her beloved *Agulus*? I am sure thou art *Parthenia*. Come, let me know what causeth this great sorrow to oppress thy Innocent Soul? Tell me, my dearest, tell me. Accursed darkness, why dost thou deny me for to see her Face; be gone, I here Conjure thee to be gone. Creep into Dungeons deep, and there abide, or rather sink down quickly into Hell, and dwell amongst the Damned, who delight in Darkness. Our harmless Breasts ne'r harboured any Crimes, but what might well appear in the open light. Deny no longer thy most pleasant Name; *Parthenia's* name alone, has power enough to raise a Man half dead, to Life again. She then replies, with bitter sighs and greans, Oh *Agulus*! think on that Name no more, wrong not thy Noble Soul so much, as ever more to remember that thou hast heard *Parthenia* spoken of: Be fortunate and great in some other Love, and for ever happy live, till thy Old Age shall call thee to thy Grave.

Oh why should blest *Parthenia* think, that *Agulus* ever had so false a heart, to say he loved more than his own Life, and can so soon forget her very Name, denying both her Name and Love together. I hope you do not think what you command; as soon may great and lofty Mountains forsake their proper places, and like to winged Birds, fly swiftly through the Air, and all things decline and change their natural qualities, as *Agulus* can forget his own *Parthenia*.

Thus having ended, in a Love-sick passion, he forsakes the Room, and hastily calls to the Servants to bring him up a light, which quickly they performed, and gave him in his hand a burning Taper. Which did cast great light.

Then back again unto the Bed he goes, and drawing back the Curtains, there he finds his dear *Parthenia's* face so much deform'd, that grief would suffer him to look no more upon her, but down he drops upon the Floor, and in a swoon lay dead a pretty while: at length recovering

the light, he rises up, and looks again: the doubled light be-
fore him is distraction, insomuch, that sometimes he
would talk unto the blazing Taper after this manner.
Be gone this light, be gone, thou dost but mock me: *Parthenia's*
archers' Beams, and incomparable Features, cannot be thus
transformed into this monstrous and dreadful Countenance.
The light is false, and sure thou art enchanted; I now will put thee
out, and be no longer thus deceived by thee. With that he
blows it out, and yet the flame return'd back and burn'd
again a fresh: at which the sorrowful Argalus cast a smile,
and cher'd himself with comfortable thoughts. Who
knows (quoth he) but that this Taper reviving of it self again,
after I had blown it out, may signifie *Parthenia's* and my own
fortune, which is to come: Although the angry Gods being too
much envious at our happiness, have at present blunted and ex-
tinguished all our joys, and sweet content, yet hopes do still re-
main, that like this Taper in a little time, they may revive a-
gain, and we may shine as bright as heretofore.

Parthenia hearing her dear Argalus comforting himself af-
ter this manner, bemoans her self, and weeping, speaks
to him thus: See *Argalus*, behold this Face of mine; by this
thou plainly may'st perceive and understand, how unstable and
unconstant the delights and pleasures of this World are, time
alters all things; how often do we see a change in every thing
that lives beneath the Sun; Beauty more fading is than all things
else. The glorious flower 'tis true, doth soon wither and decay,
yet it looks gay the whole Months time that is appointed for it.
But Beauty, be it ne'r so fair, never so sweet and comely to be-
hold, yet in a moments time we find 'tis blasted: one hours sick-
ness turns the fresh and rosie Colour into a pale and wan com-
plexion. Therefore, dear *Argalus*, set thy mind no more
upon this World, or any thing therein, for vain and transitory
are it's chiefest Glories. With that a flood of tears fell from
her eyes, and grief would suffer her to speak no more.
Then Argalus made answer to his Love, My dear *Parthenia*,
my only joy, I find you do mistake your *Argalus* still, think not
on, Love, that this thy blasted Beauty, does or can any ways tel-

for my true Affections towards thee: 'twas not that Face, which once appear'd like to an Angels, did cause me to admire thee, nor was it for those Star-like Eyes, which would have charm'd a Saint, that I ador'd thee, though those I must confess were pleasant to behold: But 'twas thy inward Vertue I admir'd, that was the precious Jewel I thus long have waited for: and that is it alone, that neither Sicknes nor Distempers, of what sort soever, can change or alter, be it never so violent. A Virgious mind will endure to the end, and that I found lodge safe within my *Parthenia's* Breast: for that I loved thee, and will do to my Death. Then think not the loss of Beauty shall delay our Marriage, for my Vows remain as firm to Heaven, as e're they did before. What hinders then, but that this very day thou may'st be Wedded to thy *Argalus*? With that she made him this faint Noddy, Talk not of Marriage, *Argalus*, to her, that scarce expects to live an hour longer: if I am Wedded, it must be to my Grave, and that's the liker Wedding of the two: but if I live, and live to over-grow this sad Affliction which is now upon me, my sacred Vows I surely will perform, and *Argalus* my Love, my honoured Lord, shall enjoy his own *Parthenia*.

Thus having said, she, with a far scetch'd sigh, desired of him, that he would forsake the Groom, for she was willing to be alone; But as she spoke these words, the Tears did fall down from her Eyes like drops in April Showers. To see the parting of these two fond Lovers, would melt a Rock, and turn it into Tears: at last he bids farewell, and weeps aloud, and kissing of her hand is going out; she with a mournful look does cast an eye after him, which he perceiving, has no power to go, but back again returns to her Bed side: then both together weep, and sigh, and grieve, their passions were too great to utter words, their looks did speak, and make a plain discovery of their minds. Sometimes *Parthenia* holding fast his hand, would sobbing say, My *Argalus* adieu, Heavens protect thee till I see thee again; but all the while his hand was linkt in hers. She would have him gone, yet cannot live without him; he willing is to please her and depart the Groom, yet knows not how to go, and leave her there in such a languishing

grievous condition. Thus both did scribe, and both were overcome by Loves strong power: till now at last, they had wept so much, that they could weep no more. Argalus, with a sorrowful heart and discontented mind, kissed her soft and milk-white hands a thousand times, then mournfully breaths forth these following words: Farewel, farewell, my dear *Parthenia*, the Heavens protect thee my Love both night and day: do not disturb thy self for thy sore Face, but rest in peace and quiet, thy *Argalus* likes that Face well enough; But never fear, thy former Beauty will return, and that ere long. Let nothing trouble thee my dearest Love, thou knowest my constancy and true affection, will never change nor alter: before to Morrow Noon thy *Argalus* shall here again attend upon his sweetest Love, *Parthenia*. Thus having said, he went out of the Room, and left her mourning by her self alone.

C H A P. III.

How *Parthenia* that very night, putting her self into Pilgrims Habit, betook her self to Travel, unknown to any. How *Argalus* coming the next Morning and finding that she was gone, makes pursuit after her; with the many Adventures he met withal in his Travels.

HEr Argalus being gone, her miseries now increase, and very loath she was that he should see her blister'd face any more: she resolv'd therefore that morning to make her escape out of her Chamber (the Moon then shining) and fly to some place a good distance, where she was known: thus on a sudden she resolv'd to Travel. She got off the rises from her Bed, and puts on a Pilgrims Habit, and girding her slender waste round about with a Leather Girdle and Staff in her hand, that night she left the Castle, and betook her self to wander, but how long she went, as yet I cannot tell you: therefore we will leave the poor *Parthenia* for a time, and move for her life & deliverance

verance from the Fates of Stabrous Beasts, and from the hands of unmerciful Men, and that in safety she may again return.

Now must we come to Argalus a while, and see what sorrow he, poor Rover, undergoes.

Next Morning he with speedy haste comes riding up to the Castle, where he thought to find his dear Parthena in the darke Chamber where he left her (but the night before) but entering the Room with a light in his hand, he drew back the Curtains of the Bed, but no Parthena there could he find; I leave the Reader then to judge in what a distraction the poor Prince was in. He raved and tore his hair, and down the stairs he violently runs, and in a fury calls forth all the servants, asking what was become of their young Lady? They trembling, and answered him with reverence, they could not tell, for they had not seen her since last night he left her: They went to wait upon her in the Evening, but found her gone, but whether they cannot tell. This answer from the servants struck him into a maze, but considering with himself in what a miserable condition he had left her over night, he thought that her affliction might cause her to travel into some remote part of the Country where she was not known, and change her habit for her own security; And truly he judged right, but it was more then he knew. However, he fancied of it so, resolves to follow hard in the pursuit of his best beloved, and never to give over till he had either found her out, or ended his sorrowful and troublesome days in searching after her.

Having taken up this resolution, he mounts his lusty Steed, and with a nimble pace he takes the way he thinks most likely that she should be gone, but riding far, and hearing no tidings of her, he begun to despair that he was not in the right road, nor which way he should ride he cannot tell. Sometimes he takes the right-hand way, in hopes of good success, but all was to no purpose; then to the left-hand he turned in expectation that she was gone that way, but finds her not. Then over the ploughed fields

Fields he forc'd his Horse, and cross'd the wans into some pleasant Grove, expecting that she might take shelter there: but though he could not find her, the pleasantness of the Grove did invite him to stay a while and rest his wearied Limbs. Neither was he idle all the time he stayed there: for drawing forth his keen Sword of pure tempered Steel, upon the barks of several smooth rim'd Trees, he engraves the Name of his most dear Parthenia, and sets his own just by it: then up he mounts his nimble Steed again, and rides that Road which next he comes to, despairing of ever seeing her face more: however, he would ride on so long as he was able. At length this wearied Lover happens to come to the fountain of Diana, a place where he had heard Parthenia say she often had been, which was some comfort to his wearied Body, and great content to his distracted mind. He there dismounts his Horse, and goes to the fountains head to drink some Water, thereby to quench his thirly Soul. This pleasant fountains head came out of a Rock, and the Water had a down into a large Cestern, belw'n out of a great Marble fall Stone, and on the out side thereof was placed the lively Image of the Goddess Diana, with her Bow and Arrows by her side; and just before her were cut out of the same Stone two Dogs, the one looking up into her face, the other hanging his head down smelling to her feet, and her hand was plac'd about his neck: Behind her was engraven several Virgin Nymphs, who always did attend the chaste Diana; but time, which wears out all things, by degrees had somewhat defac'd part of those lovely Pictures. At this same fountain, in the days of old, the Country Corydons used to meet together, and there compose their Verses in praise of fair Philida, and the other pretty young Shepherdesses; and with their Oaten Pipes did together play, striving who should play best, and innocently pass'd the time away.

When that the Noble Argalus had view'd all this, and quench'd his thirst with that most pleasant Water, he bathed his tired Body with the same: then up he mounts his

Steer'd again, and rides which way blind fortune did conduct him; sometimes he wandred through desert Wildernesses, and by the way does meet with fierce Wild Beasts, some of them offering to seize upon him, but he had too much Courage for to fear their rage. His Sword of trusty Steel forth from his side he draws, and fencing with them, in a little time he proves himself to be a victorious Conqueror, and leaves them breathless on the barren ground. Amongst the rest, a Lyon did assail him, who wanted a prey at that time, being very hungry, which made his fury so much the more fierce: The Prince leaps from his Horse with his drawn Sword in his right hand, holding the Bridle in his left; the Lyon roars, expecting to devour him in an instant, but it prov'd otherwise; for as with open mouth he run up to him, Argalus chopt his wary Sword into his mouth with such a force, that down he dropt quite Dead.

C H A P. V.

How *Argalus* after a Years Travel happen'd accidentally to come to the House of one *Kalander*, who was *Parthenia's* Uncle; with the manner of *Kalander's* kind Entertainment.

By this time wandering *Argalus* had spent twelve Months in searching for *Parthenia*, hard and laborious was the toil he undertook, but could not hear as yet a word of her: at length he happens into a smooth and pleasant Road, where on each side were most delightful Groves, in which the chirping Birds did sweetly sing, which cheer'd his drooping Spirits: for as he rode along, he thought that every Bird did strain his Note to sing *Parthenia's* Name. Thus musing, did he ride along that way so far, till at length he could espy before him a stately Building, whose out side was most glorious to behold; the cunning Work-man had plaid his part to the life, from the bottom to the top thereof. This House, or rather I
may

may call it a Palace, was seated in a most sweet and pleasant Valley, where pure Christal Streams did gently run, and gliding by the House with a murmuring noise, did cause the pretty Fishes in abundance to leap, and dance, and play, to great admiration. The little Hills like Walls and Bulwarks on every side, did compass round this Earthly Paradise. This sight did cause Argalus for to stand still a while, and looking every way, did bless himself to behold how many Flocks of Milk white Sheep were feeding in the most fruitful and flowery Meadows that were joyning to this House: The pretty Lambs did skip and play, delightfully running round their Dams, till they were weary; then coming to the Dugs, which were stretched forth with Milk, they nourish'd and refresh'd themselves therewith, then up to play again. Also a multitude of every sort of Cattel were feeding near the house, either big with young, or having their young ones by them; as if that bountiful Nature had design'd that place to be the Store-house of all plenty. Thus having satisfied himself with the varieties of the out-side of this famous Building, he resolves with himself to try what Entertainment he could find within.

He boldly rides up to the out-ward Gate and knocks, which he need not do twice, for presently the watchful Porter opens the Gate, and desires him with humble reverence to enter in. He askt the Porter who was the Owner of that stately House? who told him that his Masters Name was Belander, a private Gentleman, but of a great Estate: and, just as if the Porter had known his business, he also told him, that the fair Parthenia's Mother, when she was alive, was Sister to his Master. At this the blood did go out and come in Argalus his Face, hearing him name Parthenia, and that his Master was related to him. The Porter desired him to dismount himself, and leave his Horse to his care: and if he would be pleased to walk into the House, he need not question but that he should be kindly received, and nobly treated by his Master: for he took delight in Works of Hospitality, and being kind to Strangers.

Argalus

Argalus hearing what the Porter said, considered with himself that it could not be amiss for him to go into the House and make enquiry of Kalandar, whether he had not heard any tidings of his dear Parthenia; And with this resolution he crossing over a delicate Paved Court-yard, which led him to the House, into which he was no sooner enter'd, but he was very kindly received by a Servant who was always ready for that purpose, and desired to walk into a spacious Room adorned and beautified in a most curious manner.

The Servant very submissively desired him to seat himself, and his Master would wait upon him immediately. Thus having said, and Argalus being set down, the Servant leaves him for a while, and straight acquaints his Master of a Stranger that was come into the House to visit him, and that by his looks and habit, he appeared to be of no small quality, but of Royal Blood. Kalandar hearing of his Man's report concerning this Noble Guest, he, with a more than ordinary haste dresses himself, to come and see the truth of what his Servant told him; and having entered the Room where Argalus was set, he, with a kind and honourable respect, salutes him thus:

Noble Sir, of what degree or quality you are I cannot tell, however, thus far you may assure thy self, that how long so ever you are pleased to stay in this my House, you may command me, and what my ability can bid you kindly welcome to. Welcome you are Sir, therefore be free, and call for what your fancy leads you to: I flatter not, but love to Entertain the unknown Stranger as well as my best friend.

Argalus hearing of Kalandar's noble Speech, could not keep silent long, but thus returns his grateful and most thankful Answer:

Worthy Sir, if that you will be pleased to give me leave to speak, and honour me so far as to sit and hear me, I will relate unto you the true and perfect Story of my late misfortunes, which have occasioned me thus far to wander. A whole Years space is now expired and gone, since I betook my self to this hard Travel; thereason why I stay thus far abroad, will make my mourn-

ful heart to bleed afresh to mention it, yet can I never banish from my mind the thoughts thereof. Then know, most Noble Sir, that in the pleasant and once happy *Arcadia*, in King *Basilus* his Court, I did remain about Twelve Months since, the good Queen *Gynecia* being related to me, both of us born in *Cyprus*; and when *Basilus* had Married this fair Queen, I came along with her to the *Arcadian* Court: my Name is *Argalus*, that unhappy Prince, who had not long been at the Court, but there I did espy the fairest Face that ever Nature fram'd: her Name was *Parthenia*, by Birth she was a Lady, but for all Excellencies she might be termed a Goddess.

At the repeating of these words, he breath'd forth a deep sigh, which caus'd the Tears to trickle down his Face.

But to proceed, (quoth he) at the first sight of fair *Parthenia*, my heart was wounded by those Darts she shot forth from her charming Eyes: *Cupid* the God of Love at the self same time did also wound and pierce her tender heart, that both together loved and liked each other: which in short time was discovered, and made known amongst our selves, and by a mutual Vow to each other given, our Loves were firmly tied together: insomuch that the Wedding-day was set and appointed. I in the morning came to call upon my fair and sweetest Bride *Parthenia*, to go to Church to be Marry'd, but instead of being drest and ready to go forth, I found her lying in a Bed in a Dark Room, weeping and bemoaning of her self alone, and calling for a Taper speedily, I saw her Face all over swoln and blister'd; so much deformed; that never was poor Lady. Then after much Lamentation and great Mourning had passed between us, and the Evening drawing on, she was desirous that I should leave her for a time; then weeping did I part from my dear Love, promising to visit her the next morning. But oh unhappy fate! that very Night she left her Castle and fled away, the Gods alone knew whither: for from that time I never saw her Face, but am in search after her, if it be possible to find her out. Thus joy was turn'd to sorrow in a moment.

Kalander hearing of this sad Relation, and beholding *Argalus* his sorrowful Countenance, desired him to moderate.

rate his grief, and told him that he did bear a part of those his miseries: for Parthenia's Mother, whilst she lived, was his own Sister. Then was a stately Dinner brought in and set before them, such plenty at one time he ne'r be held; all sorts of Wine were offer'd him to Drink, and Kalandar bid him welcome o're and o're. Now having been there some days, Kalandar invited him to go abroad to Hunt, and take some Recreation, but Argalus refused him, desiring that he might rather be alone in his Chamber; therefore they did not urge him further.

C H A P. VI.

How *Parthenia* wondered till she came to the Queen of *Corinth's*, where she remained, and was Cured of her blemish'd Face. How she heard of *Argalus's* being at *Kalandar's*, whither she went to him; with the manner of their greeting when they first met.

BUT as Kalandar was going forth to Hunt, a Messenger came in, and told him that there was a fair young Lady without, that desired for to stay one day and night in his House, to rest her self, and so depart next Morning. He bid them bring her in, but when he saw her, he bless himself with admiration for a while: then speaking to her thus, Madam, quoth he, if I am not much mistaken, I know that fair Face of yours, and by that Countenance of yours, you appear to be my Cousin *Parthenia*. Most Noble Sir, quoth she, do not you think that you wrong the fair *Parthenia*, in comparing me to her? yet truly some have flatter'd me, and said that I much resembled her. I Sir, am lately come from *Corinth*, from Queen *Hellen's* Court, she being my dear Kinswoman, Madam, says Kalandar, for your own sake, and for the lost *Parthenia's* sake, you are kindly welcome. She humbly did return him many thanks, then being sat, and after much Discourse, Kalandar began to tell her the mournful Story of Argalus and Parthenia's Love; and as he told it, the Tears would drop
down

down from his Eyes apace ; but before he had done, she interrupted him, saying, Pray Sir tell me, did *Argalus* prove constant to the end ? Do you know where he is since these misfortunes ? How has he spent his time since she fled from him ? Madam, says *Kalander*, e're since that time, which now is full a Year, he spent his time in searching after her, and being weary, but a few days since he happened hither, where he yet remains in great distress and sorrow for her loss.

She then replied, Sir, let me beg the favour of you to see this generous Prince, in whose most Noble Breast lives so much Vertue and true Constancy ; I have a message to deliver to him.

Kalander hearing that, makes haste, and going up to *Argalus*, he told him that there was a young Lady below that said would speak with him, having a message to deliver to him.

Argalus hearing this, comes down to her, and after some Complements pass between them, she thus bespeaks him :

My Noble Lord, from *Corinth* I am come, from fair Queen *Hellen*, who is my Kinswoman ; Not many days ago thither came the rare *Parthenia*, so much deformed in her Face, as ever was poor Lady in this World ; She was so much altered, that I did not know her, till by some passages, she forced me to believe her. The Queen did bid her welcome, and was very careful of her health ; *Parthenia* having been there a while, began to tell us the occasion of all her miseries and misfortunes, of which poor Lady, I bore an equal share. But as she told the dreadful Story, by the way she would often pity you, and praise your Constancy and Vertue above all other mens. And now *Parthenia*, instead of growing better, grew weaker and more sick ; the Queens Physicians did their best endeavours, but all in vain. One day she finding of her self to be nigh her end, call'd me to her Bed-side, and taking me fast by the hand, she said : Sister, (for so she call'd me, because we were so much alike) go search throughout the World, and find my dearest Love and Prince, *Argalus*, and when thou hast found him, tell him that his *Parthenia*, with her dying breath, did give all right and claim that she had in him to me ; and pulling of a Ring, which you had given her, she gave it me, saying,

This

This shall witness that it was *Parthenia's* Will, that you should Marry me. Thus having said, and calling often on your worthy Name, she closed her Eyes, and turning from me, dyed.

Thus to fill her will, I have travell'd far, and now at length by good Fortune I have found you ; Return an Answer to a Virgins Suit, and such a pleasant one, as may bring comfort to her weary Travels.

The mournful *Argalus* full of grief and tears, to hear that his *Parthenia* was dead (for as yet he did not know that it was *Parthenia* which talked to him) returned her this Answer,

Madam, had my *Parthenia* liv'd, and had commanded me to perform a Task, more hard then ever mortal Man yet underwent, I gladly would have done my best endeavour to have satisfied her will to the utmost of my power : but she being dead, my Heart, my Soul, and all my Love is Buried with her ; a second Vow *Argalus* can never make, he has no more hearts to give ; but if in any thing else I can serve you, Madam, I shall be always ready at your command, whilst here I live, for my dear *Parthenia's* sake, with whom e're long I hope to be, and never from her to depart ; Though here on Earth we could not happy be, yet our true Souls in Heaven will meet with joy, where no dissent can disturb our peace.

She hearing this, with a seeming and forced frown, makes him this sudden Answer.

And must I be denyed, quoth she, and slighted for my proffered Service ? is this the requital I now at last receive, for all my toilsome Travels ? These Actions look not well from you my Lord.

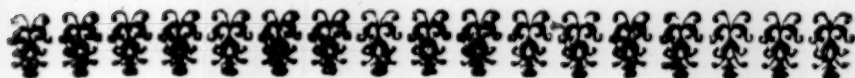
With that the sighing *Argalus* answered thus : Oh Madam, cease your Suit, and do not add more sorrows to my bitter afflictions, I cannot love no more, my sweet *Parthenia* has got all my love away. She then was able to hold out no longer, but flying into his Arms, and claying her Arms about his Neck, with joyful Tears she told him thus :

Yes *Argalus*, quoth she, you must love me ; here, take your own *Parthenia*, hold her fast in your Arms, I am thy own *Parthenia*, and still do live once more to kiss my lovely *Argalus*.

He hearing this, at first between hope and fear was dumb, and could not speak to her: but she quickly clear'd his doubts, saying, Remember *Argalus*, the flaming Taper which you blew out, standing by my Bed-side, and how of it self it revived again; even so our joys which have been clouded, shall now shine forth more glorious than before.

On this the Noble *Argalus* is sure that 'tis *Parthenia*, whom he does embrace. I leave the Reader now to judge how great the joys of these two Lovers were, I am sure no Pen is able to express them.

Sorrows be gone, and to Delight give way,
We now expect a joyful Wedding-day.



The Pleasant and most Delightful History, of *ARGALUS* and *PARTHENIA*, &c.

The Third P A R T.

C H A P. I.

Now, and when the Wedding was appointed, with the manner of the great Pomp and State they solemnized it in.

NOW once again these Lovers do rejoice in each others Company, all sorrows being over past and gone; *Parthenia* tells her *Argalus*, all the Adventures of her Journey, which the poor Lady underwent, when first she fled from her own Castle, how she pass'd through great dangers and hardship, before she got to Co-

rinth, to Queen Helen's Court; and how kind and careful the Queen was of her, employing her own Chyrurgeons to dress her Face, and how in a short time they restored her to her former Countenance, though she was something altered, yet not less beautiful to behold: and after she was well again, how the Queen sent out Messengers to every part, to enquire after Argalus, who after long search brought word where he was; and how the Queen sent her away honourably with guides, to conduct her to Kalanders House, where she found her Argalus; and also told him, that the reason why she said Parthenia was Dead, was only to try his Constancy. These, and the like Stories being ended, the joyfull Wedding-day grows near at hand, which being come, some part of their great Pomp and State I will relate to you, which was as followeth:

First Argalus, the glorious Bridegroom, did go gently on towards the Temple, a Thousand Trumpets went sounding before him; his Cloaths which he did wear that day, were of a deep dy'd Scarlet, Embroidered all over with Gold, attended with no small number of Arcadian Nobles, he pass'd along, the multitude on each side standing thick to behold his glory: and as he went, they shouted with loud Voices, All joy to Noble Argalus, and his fair Bride. After him there follows a glorious Train of Ladies in Rich and Costly Attire, their Gobbing vberes set with Gold and Pearl; thus hand in hand they gently moved after the Bridegroom.

Next after them followed a Company of pure Virgins, cloathed all in Milk-white Silk, and on their Heads a Crowne of Laddrel gilt with Gold, and a white Vail did cover their Faces: they also two by two did walk along. Next after them the faire Parthenia came, whose Beauty did as far exceed the former, as the bright Moon exceeds the twinkling Stars; a Vail of Milk-white Silk did hide her blushing Face; the Garment that she wore was made of Purple Silk, bespangled oze with Stars of purest Gold. Nine Virgins of an height and bigness, cloathed in Purple, followed her, holding up her Train

Thus

Thus all being come into the Church, the Priest as a token of their Innocence, had prepared two Milk white Turtle Doves, which he kill'd and burnt there to ashes ; afterwards reading the usual Ceremony, he joyned their hands, whose hearts were before united. Thus being done, they back again returned to Kalander's House, who had provided a sumptuous Dinner, abounding with all varieties which Tongue can express, or Heart can wish ; loud Musick sounded all the way they came, on every side of them, the people blessing them with endless joys. Now enter they into Kalander's House, and eat of every daintie he had provided for them, full Bowls of Wine go briskly round ; nothing but joy and mirth, mingled with sweet delight, is now perceived amongst this jovial Crew of Nobles.

This stately Dinner being ended, each gallant betook him to that sport he most delighted in ; but by the way, I must not forget to tell you, that there entered in a Gentleman Cloathed in Green, and his face covered, who curiously sung this following Song :

A S O N G .

YE Gods above blest be your power,
Your Deities I will adore,
Smile on this Couple every hour,
From time to time and ever more :
Protect them from all future Danger,
Let sorrow to them be a Stranger.

Let length of days and endless pleasure,
Make them amends for all past trouble,
Let wealth flow to them without measure,
That so their joys on Earth may double :
Let health preserve them in their prime,
Free from Diseases all their time.

And as they both have but one Heart,
 So let them both together live,
 Death must not one from t'other part,
 One Dead, the other can't survive:
 One Coffin must two Bodies hold,
 One Grave will serve two of one mould.

What Earth doth yield or Heaven afford,
 With those delights let them be Crown'd,
 With Nature's choicest Jewels stor'd,
 Whilst every Tongue long live doth sound,
 Why does not then the Musick play,
 We'll dance and sing the time away.

This Song being ended, the Voice was so sweet, and sung with so great judgment, that it ravish'd every ear that heard it; then was a Dance performed by three young Gentlemen and three young Virgins, to the admiration of all beholders. By this time this joyful Wedding-day was spent, and the night (which was most welcome to the happy Bridegroom, and the blushing Bride) was now at hand, he wish'd it had come sooner, she wish'd the same, but her desires were mingled with fears; But now the time is come, she must to Bed. The Ladies who had been at the same port, do softly whisper in her ear, and bid her go with them into the Bride-Chamber: she smiling on them, yields to their request; then up they go together, where they unclasp their nimble hands to undress her curious Body: which being done, they put her into Bed, perswading of her, that 'twas a pleasant pain to lose a Maiden-head, with a Man she lov'd.

The happy Bridegroom quickly follows after, being royally attended by the Nobles that were his honourable Guests that day; they soon put off his Royal Robes, he being as ready to help them, as they were willing to undress him; for seeing his fair Parthenia in her Naked Bed, he scarce had patience to stay whilst they undressed his things, but with his own hands did tear them asunder.

his longing desire would admit of no delays: then into Bed unto his blushing Bride he goes, with eager speed, and with a smiling kiss he first salutes her, whilst the rest of the company bestow'd their time in merry Jest, and pleasant Discourses, each young Lady that was there unmarried, wishing that joyful night had been their own. The Bridegroom now desires they would depart the Room, for their company was troublesome at present: they being sensible of his longing condition, departed and went down stairs, and there they spent the whole night in Singing and Danc'ing, drinking each of their Ladies healths in full Bowls of Wine.

The morning now appearing, and the blushing Sun breaking through the Eastern Clouds, steals into the Bride-Chamber and peeps between the Curtains, where he clypes the fair Parthenia, with her Eyes close shut, lying on her Back, by Argalus his Side, his Right Arm gently grasping her slumbering Body, and looking in her Face, he smiling, sometimes kiss'd her pretty Cheeks, and often did he join his lips with hers; at length the Sun beams through the Chamber Window did shine so bright, that dazling of Parthenia's Eyes, she awakes: and at first waking, starts to find a Man in Bed with her, but soon that fear was turned to joys, when she beheld 'twas Argalus her dearest. Argalus! Oh then she smil'd, and smiling turns her to him, and then, Oh then they did ——— but what they did, my Pen commands me to conceal: least that some Female Reader perhaps should long to taste those pleasures which this Amorous Couple did then enjoy; therefore I leave you for to guess the rest, whilst I proceed to tell the next days sport and pastime.

The morning being far spent, the Musick now with sweet delightful sounds bids them good morn'g, whilst that the deevillish company scold'd his nobbing, some in one Corner and some in another, not able to hold up their sleepy Heads; only the servants, they no rest must take, but are busie in making clean the Rooms, and setting every thing in their right order, against the rising of the People

Noble Bridegroom and his Beautiful Bride; which was no sooner done, and all things were made neat and clean, but down comes Argalus and his fair Parthenia; then every sleeping Soul rous'd up his Spirits, and having had about an hours rest, were pretty well refresh'd; they first salute the Bridegroom and his fairest Bride, with everlasting joys and happiness: then after they had pleas'd themselves with merry and pleasant Discourse, asking the Bride how she liked her Bedfellow? she answering them in no other Languages but bashful blushes, the Lovers were presented with a Song.

S O N G.

ALL Joys to *Parthenia* the Queen of Delight,
 Who now knows the sweets of a Man in the Night;
 Then blush not fair Bride because they are past,
 Though they were the first, yet they won't be the last.
 In pullick pastime all the day we will spend,
 But when the night's come,
 In your own private Room,
 Each Hour will bring you new joys to the end.

The Bridegroom is lusty with youthful desire,
 Your Eyes kindle Flames which his Blood set on Fire:
 Such Amorous Beauty does tickle each vein,
 One look his spent Courage will quicken again;
 Till equally wearied, you both seek for rest,
 And sleeping a while,
 Sweet time do beguile,
 Then waking again, with new pleasures are blest.

Thus may you embrace till together you prove,
 The fruitful encrease of your Innocent Love:
 Your off-Spring will credit and shew what you have done.
 The Princely sweet Babe when he's born will be known,

To be the own Son of his Father Renown'd :

So like him he'll be,

In his Face, that you'll see.

He in his ripe Age must with Glories be Crown'd.

The Song being ended, they again prepared themselves to Daunce, which briskly they performed to the great contentment of all beholders, each striving to excel the other in every action.

Thus did they continue their Recreation for a whole weeks time with so much pleasure and delight, that every day seem'd but one bare hour : and Kalandar thought himself to be the happiest Man in the whole World, that his House was honoured with such Noble Guests ; But Noble Argalus did now think long to see his own Native Country, and thereupon resolves within a day or two to take his fair Wife Parthenia with some Attendants, and ride to Cypres to his own Castle ; the Royal Company thereupon began to separate themselves, every one to his proper Habitation.

CHAP. II.

Now *Argalus* with his *Parthenia* and Attendants, went into his own Country, taking *Kalandar* along with them.

Then *Argalus* and *Parthenia* took their leaves of the most worthy *Kalandar*, who had been a Father to them all the while they remained in his House ; a thousand times they thanked him for all his labours and kindnesses which he had shewn them and the rest of their friends, which had received such extraordinary well-comes at his hands. But Noble *Kalandar* perceiving that their inclinations were to leave him, he with entreaties, begg'd of them to stay longer : saying, That he took so great felicity in their Companies, that by no means he could not let them depart from him. But *Argalus* told him that it was now a great

great while since he came from his own Country, and he could not satisfie himself, till he had carryed his dear Parthenia thither, and made her Lady of his own possessions. Parthenia seeing Kalanders sorrowful Countenance, spoke kindly to him, and desired him, that he would be pleas'd to stide along with them, and bear them company to Cypress; at first he seem'd unwilling to leave his house and family, but her winning speech, and the delight he had to be were Parthenia and her dearest Argalus were, at length overperswaded him, so as he went along with them.

They were not long in performing their Journey, before they came to Cypress, where they were received with more joy and gladness then Tongue can express, or Pen can write; the Bells did ring all night and day, the Bonfires did shine in every Street, and every one with Tongue and Heart express their joy to see them, and with loud voices did proclaim their welcome.

Kalander there was entertained with great state, Argalus and his fair Parthenia shewing him all the respect and civility imaginable. But he having seen them safe at home, and having carryed there a month or two, began to consider of his own Affairs: he therefore told them that he was now willing to return to his own Habitation. which they were loath to hear of, but knowing of his occasions, would not hinder him: at last shewing to each other abundance of kindness, with thanks on every side for all civilities, Kalander departed into his own Country.

C H A P. III.

Now King *Basilus* sent a Letter to *Argalus*, desiring his assistance in fighting a Single Combat with *Amphialus* his utter Enemy: with *Argalus* his Condescension to the Kings desire, and his departure from *Parthenia*. *Argalus* his Letter of Challenge to *Amphialus*, with *Amphialus* his Answer.

When he was gone, the Noble *Argalus* and his *Parthenia* pass'd the time away, sometimes in Hunting, sometimes in reading pleasant Histories, and sometimes in visiting other Lords and Ladies, who much desired their pleasant company. But not long after, there came a Messenger from King *Basilus* out of *Arcadia*, and gave a Letter into *Argalus* his Hand, which he opened and read, and bid the Messenger tell the King, that he would be sure to wait upon him.

The Messenger being gone, *Parthenia* in a maze, ask'd what's the matter, and what the Letter signified? poor *Argalus* unwilling was that she should see it, would fain have satisfied her with some other story, but the more he endeavoured to put her by, the more eager she was to know the business, mistrusting that there was some danger in the Letter, and would not rest till she had seen it: which having read, it made her more restless then ever she was before. Sometimes she read, and then a tear would fall, with sighs so strong you would think her tender heart would break; at last having read it over, she thus spake to him. Oh *Argalus*! my dearest *Argalus*! how could you return so quick an Answer to this Letter? what! are you weary of your poor *Parthenia*? Then the Tears did flow so fast from her Eyes, which caused her to make this mournful Speech. This

To

To the Renowned Prince Argalus.

WHereas *Amphialus* (the Prince of Fame) does daily inroach upon our Liberties in an hostile manner, and not only offers abuse to my Subjects, but has unawares surpriz'd my only Daughter, and taken her away by force, keeping her Prisoner in his own Castle, and will not let her go with any Arguments that I can use; but answers my demands after this manner, telling me, that if I have any Knight that will venture his life with him in a single Combat, and if the Knight overcomes him, then shall my Daughter be restored: but if he prove Conqueror, then will he keep her to himself. I therefore knowing of your Valour and great Courage, and withal being related to me, have desired your assistance in this matter,

BASILIVS REX.

Parthenia now renews her sore complaint, Oh *Argalus* (quoth she) why should you promise the King to be his Champion! Oh why should you hazard that dear life which is none of your own? Your life is mine, and every wound that *Argalus* receives, *Parthenia's* heart will feel the smart, and bear the torment which you undergo; The King might have found out some other Man less worthy than your self, who might have vindicated his just Quarrel. My *Argalus* shall not go, no, he must not go, and leave his poor *Parthenia* here behind him, to dye with grief.

Argalus pittying of his mournful Bride, desired her to cease her tears and grief, telling of her, that the justness of the cause gave him a full assurance that he should be Victoz, and that in honour he could do no less than grant the King's request: He having gained *Parthenia's* consent, the next morning early he buckled on his Armour, which was made of hardened Steel, bedeckt with knobs of Gold, girded on his Sword about his Loins, ordered his Servant to bring forth his Lusty Steed; with his Lance in his hand he was going to mount himself, but *Parthenia* hanging about his neck, would not suffer him yet to go: saying thus, My *Argalus*, my Dear, let me beg of you for Hea-

vens

vens sake, and for *Parthenia's* sake, do not go and leave me ; if this won't do, I beg for the sake of thy own dear Babe, which is engendered within my Womb, stay here with me, and do not leave me thus tormented with grief and sorrow. With that she fell upon the ground and swooned, which *Argalus* seeing, left her to the care of her Maids, and giving them a strict charge over her, he mount's his horse and rides away unto the Arcadian Court ; where being come, the King received him with great joy : and having spent a day or two in discoursing of State Affairs, and how *Amphialus* had lying'd him upon several accounts, but most of all in taking away his Daughter by stealth, and now keeping her unjustly from him by force ; withal telling him that *Amphialus* would not restore her, unless he were Conquered by a single hand, so much he boasted of his own Valour and Courage. *Argalus* told the King that he was come to end that Dispute, and thereupon he writ a Letter to *Amphialus* after this manner :

Renowned *Amphialus*,

IF reason could have ruled your actions, it would have been much better in my Opinion ; but since you will not hear a good and Gracious King's request, who asks for nothing but his own, I cannot think that you will submit your self to my demands ; therefore since it is your own proffer to refer the business to a single Duel, I am the Man who will justify the King's right, and therefore desire you to meet me to morrow morning ready arm'd, about Nine of the Clock, upon the plain on this side the River, which runs and parts your Dominions and the *Arcadian* Lands : not doubting but the justness of my cause will help and assist me in the Fight.

ARGALUS.

Argalus had no sooner received the Letter, but back by the same Messenger he sent this Answer.

Much more Renowned Argalus,

I Am sorry that your judgment should be so much mis-informed, as to think that ever I should offer any injustice to King *Basilus*; however, since he takes it so, and you are pleas'd to vindicate his quarrel, I'll be sure to meet you at the place and time appointed.

AMPHIALUS,

CHAP. IV.

The Discourse that happen'd between *Basilus* and *Argalus* before he went to the Combat, as also the manner of the Combat. How they parlied together, and how *Parthenia* came to them a little before the Death of *Argalus*; as also the bitter Lamentation she made for his loss.

THe time being come, the Noble *Argalus* rises early in the Morning, and puts on his Armour, and all things were brought to him which were useful for the fight; but before he mounted his Steed, the King, wishing him good success, spoke to him thus:

Most Noble *Argalus*, and Renowned Kinsman, I wish you may return Victorious; that so you may, my Prayers shall be sent up to *Mars*, the great God of War, during the time of your Combat; that he would help you, and that you may Conquer this our publick Enemy: and for your kindness shewn to me in this Encounter, assure your self, that it will ever oblige me to you. If you at any time should stand in need of my help, I my self, with all the strength and power of my Dominions, will be aiding and assisting to you: Then go my Noble Champion, go on and prosper: a Kings Prayers, and a distressed Virgins Petition to just Heaven, shall bring thee back again with joy and honour.

The King having ended his Prayers, and good wishes for *Argalus* his prosperity, the Noble *Argalus* with a bold and cheerful look, returned the King this thankful Answer,

Alor

Most Gracious and Royal Sir, my Courage yet no Man could ever daunt: *Amphialus* is not the first Man that I have met in the open Field; none ever yet have escaped my furious rage, when a just cause hath call'd for strict revenge: but especially now, I have sufficient encouragement to summon all my valour, and never doubt a speedy Conquest over this bold and daring Foe *Amphialus*, having your good wishes, and an injured Ladies powerful Petitions on my side. I also am assured, that my dear *Parthenia* will never cease, but on her bended knee perpetually will beg at Heaven for my safe return: all which well considered, assures me of a Conquest before I do begin the Combat. But if the cruel Fates should prove unkind, and work my overthrow, this favour I humbly beg of you, most Royal Sir, that you would be a Father to him when I am gone.

Thus having said, he took his leave, and set forward to meet his Enemy.

Now *Argalus* is come upon the Plain, where he had appointed to meet *Amphialus*, where long he had not been, but he espies his Enemy ready Armed to decide the Quarrel. They meet together, and thus saluted each other.

Argalus first spoke to him in this manner, Sir, Here I am come, either to have satisfaction from you by word of mouth, in acknowledging the injuries you have done the good King *Basilis*, also in promising that you will restore and send home his Virgin Daughter, whom you unjustly keepest; or else to stand to the force of this my Sword, which is here ready to take revenge for those great and most horrible abuses which you have offered him. To whom the bold *Amphialus* replies, Most valiant and most worthy *Argalus*, those acts which the King calls injuries, I count most just, and with my Sword and Launce I here am come to prove them so. If that I am Conquered by so Noble and Courageous a Champion as your self, it will be no disgrace for me to die and fall by such a Conquering hand as yours: But if the Stars should prove so kind to me, as that I happily should Conquer you, then I am sure that none alive will dare to be your second; but everlasting Honour and Renown will sit and smile upon my Conquering Brow. And now Sir, with these Resolutions

tions I am prepared to try which of us two shall prove most fortunate. Thus having said, both of them hid back a little space, that so they might have room to meet with the greater force; then with a swift speed they hid up to each other, pushing one another with their Haunces, and with an equal strength they strove so long, that both of them were thrust from off their Horses backs, and fell together upon the ground, neither of them having any harm at all: then rising up, they threw their Haunces by, and drew forth their bright and well tempered Swords, and now the bloody Combat does begin, strong blows upon each others Armes fell thick and hard, yet their Swords could not cut through them; till Argalus at length enraged with fury, struck such a terrible blow upon Amphialus his arm, that he made his Armes yield, and cut his Arm not a very deep wound, yet pretty broad: at that Amphialus his blood did boil, which did enrage him, and provoked his fury so much, that now he lays about him with double Courage, and striking hard upon Aargalus his Armes, his Sword made an impression on his side, but did him little harm: Then both laid on with heavy strokes, till both were almost tired; but that their Spirits was too great too faint, so long as either had a drop of blood left in their veins: at length Amphialus with an unlucky stroke, cut Argalus a deep wound on his right Arm, from whence did flow a main stream of blood, which disabled him in this Encounter, but in the heat of blood he felt it little. Then in great rage he took his Sword in both his hands, and lifting it up, struck Amphialus such a bloody betwixt the head and Shoulders, that had his fortune been as good as was his Courage, Amphialus had never been able to have made any resistance, nor struck another blow: but as it happened, his Sword did glance a little towards the Arm, that so he saved his Life, receiving only a deep wound just by the Shoulder bone; but fortune favoured him so much, that it miss the Veins, which preserved his blood, that he bled but little. Then did they both with all the force and strength they had redouble their
bloody,

blowes; but Argalus being weakest of the two, by reason
 that he bled so much, received more wounds from Amphialus
 his Sword, than he was able to return again. At
 length Amphialus finding that Argalus grew weak, and that
 he had a great advantage over him, he ceas'd his blows,
 and spake to him after this manner. *Argalus*, since Fortune
 hath so favour'd me, that having lost but little blood, I plainly
 can perceive, that now at present I am stronger than you are:
 however, I am not willing to take the least advantage of your
 weakness, but had rather, that we both should leave off shedding
 more blood, and take our leaves on each other on equal terms.
 This I do beg of you, to let you know that *Amphialus* is not wil-
 ling to rob you of so Noble a Life. Argalus hearing of him,
 made this reply: No, no, *Amphialus*, you are much mistaken,
Argalus never yet knew what it was to yield, nor will he now
 begin; but so long as I have ever a drop of blood left in my bo-
 dy, I'll vindicate the King's just quarrel against you his unworthy
 Enemy. With that they both begin to fight again. But
 now let me beg your attention a while, till I speak a lit-
 tle concerning Parthenia, who all this while remains in
 misery. It seems that the night before the fight began,
 Parthenia Dreamt that she saw her dearest Lord, and belo-
 ved Husband, Prince Argalus, lie wallowing in his own
 precious Blood almost Dead, the very thoughts thereof
 did strike such terror, and caus'd such fear in her tender
 Breast, that she in the Morning early, attended with two
 or three Servant-Maids, each riding single upon a Horse,
 comes unto the place where they were fighting, and
 leaping from her Horse, run in betwixt their Swords,
 and falling at Amphialus his feet, she humbly begg'd that
 he should hold his hand, and strike no more upon her. Argalus;
 but his fury was so great, that he could not satisfie
 himself without shedding of more blood, with tears and
 sighs she then desired him that he should turn his hand,
 and accept of hers, for she could better spare her blood than
 he could. Amphialus seeing so much Beauty lie at his feet
 suing for Argalus his life, admired and gazed upon her,
 having no power to strike one blow: but Argalus, who
 was

was scarce able to stand, with anger moved, made this reply, What must my Life be begg'd by a Woman? No, it shall not be, I will fight as long as I have power to stand; and if it be my fate so soon to die, it shall be said I die a noble death. With that he struck at Amphialus with all the force he had, whilst he offer'd not to strike him at all, but did his best endeavour to avoid his blows. At length poor Argalus his strength being almost quite spent, he leaning upon the Pommel of his Sword, stagger'd a while, then fell down almost dead: the poor Parthenia did bestow her time in rubbing of his Temples, that so she might revive his fainting Spirits: she rent her Linnen Sleeves and wrapt about his gaping wounds; and wanting strings, she pluckt her curious hair from off her head to bind the Cloaths upon the Wounds of her dear Argalus, and often did she kiss his lips, that now grow cold and pale; But Argalus seeing her so careful, with a sigh desired her to forbear, telling her, that now it was too late, for he was past all hopes of Cure: and desiring her again and again to be contented with what the Gods had decreed, for then would assuredly protect her from all danger as long as she liv'd, and when her Glass was run, and Death had seized her, she then should come to him, where they should dwell together for ever, bless'd with true joys, and with eternal rest. More he would have said, but that his breath failed him, that he was forced to take his leave of her, by giving of her a sweet kiss, then bid farewell and died.

Parthenia's grief was now so great, that it drove her into distraction for a while: at last her reason did perswade her to send one of her Maids to get a Horse, which was immediately brought, and his dead body was convey'd to his own Castle, where he was embalm'd, and lay in State.

And now Renowned Argalus is gone and left his poor Parthenia behind him, so full of grief and sorrow, that it is impossible for her to live long after him; but longing to be with him, yet not willing to be guilty of self-murder, her Vertue would not give her leave to kill her self, she with her self takes up a resolution to fight Amphialus.

C H A P. V.

How *Parthenia* cloathing her self in black, and putting on black Armor, sends a Challenge to *Amphialus* in the name of an unknown Knight. How *Amphialus* and she met and fought, and how *Parthenia* was kill'd; as also how King *Basilius* bury'd *Argalus* and his *Parthenia* in one Tomb with great State, in *Arcadia*.

She first caused a Suit of Black Armor to be made of a small size, according to her bigness; which being done, she sent a Challenge to *Amphialus*, in the name of an unknown Knight, who desired him to meet at the same place where *Argalus* lost his Life by his Sword; there to decide the quarrel, which he left unperformed, too morrow Morning. The Messenger carries this Challenge, and brings back word, That *Amphialus* would not fail to meet this daring Knight, let it be who it would.

Parthenia then gets up early in the Morning, and Attires her self in this black Armor, putting on a Helmet of the same Colour, and girt a Sword about her tender Body, and mounts her self upon a Cole-black Steed, and takes with her three of her Waiting-Maids Cloathed all in black in *Men's* Habit. Thus she rode along till she came to the place appointed, and there she met *Amphialus* her utter Enemy. She made no stay to parley with him, but with an eager force rides at him, and endeavours to the utmost of her power to disable him, but her weak Arm could
 not

and hurt him; then leaping from her Horse she
 drew her Sword, and threw her Lance aside: he
 likewise seeing that, dismounted too, and drew
 his Sword, not thinking that it was a Woman
 that he had to deal with; then both do strike at
 each other with eager force, till Amphialus perceiv-
 ing that this unknown Knight was too weak
 for him, he then reach'd his blow, and spake af-
 ter this manner: Sir Knight, quoth he, your Name
 I do not know; however, I wish you so well, as to
 put up your Sword, and seek not to destroy your self,
 by fighting with me, who never did you wrong. With
 that Parthenia, who was this unknown Knight,
 replyed thus: Base Man thou lye'st, and this my Sword
 shall make thee acknowledge it before I go. Amphialus
 not able to endure such words from any Knight,
 with his Sword he gave her such a blow upon
 the head, that she fell to the ground, and after-
 wards a thrust into her Body, that he perceived
 the wound was mortal: he then unlaced her Hel-
 met, and pulling it off he kiss'd her face, and
 thus he made his moan: Ye Gods, why did you
 suffer me to do this deed? must all my Glories
 thus be stain'd in one moments time? shall it be said
 that *Amphialus* Conquer'd a Woman in the open Field?
 Oh miserable wretch that I am! I wish that hand of
 mine had been cut off, ere I had kill'd the fair *Par-
 thenia*. With that he kneeling to her, said, Madam,
 let me beg of you to pardon this my unknown offence,
 and weeping bitterly for what he had done, he endea-
 voured to keep life in her, by rubbing of her face;
 but she would not suffer him to touch her, but made
 him this Answer, Yes, *Amphialus*, I do forgive you,
 for now my wished hour is come: now all the World
 adieu, farewell all earthly vanities, farewell. Now my
 dearest *Argalus* make room for thy poor *Parthenia*, whose
 Soul hath taken wing, and is coming to thee. Thus
 having

having said, she turn'd away her face and dyed. Her Maids took care of her Body, and with great lamentation convey'd it to the Chaire, and laid it by the side of her dear Argalus; which when the King Basilin heard, he sent a great Train of Mourners, who brought both their Bodies in great state to Arcadia, where after forty days of Mourning were performed, he caus'd them to be intomb'd both in one Tomb, where it is said the Arcadians do sacrifice once a year two white Doves, in token of those two Lovers Constancy.

Thus may we see how worldly joys do fade,
One hour they shine, the next they find a shade.

FINIS.
